

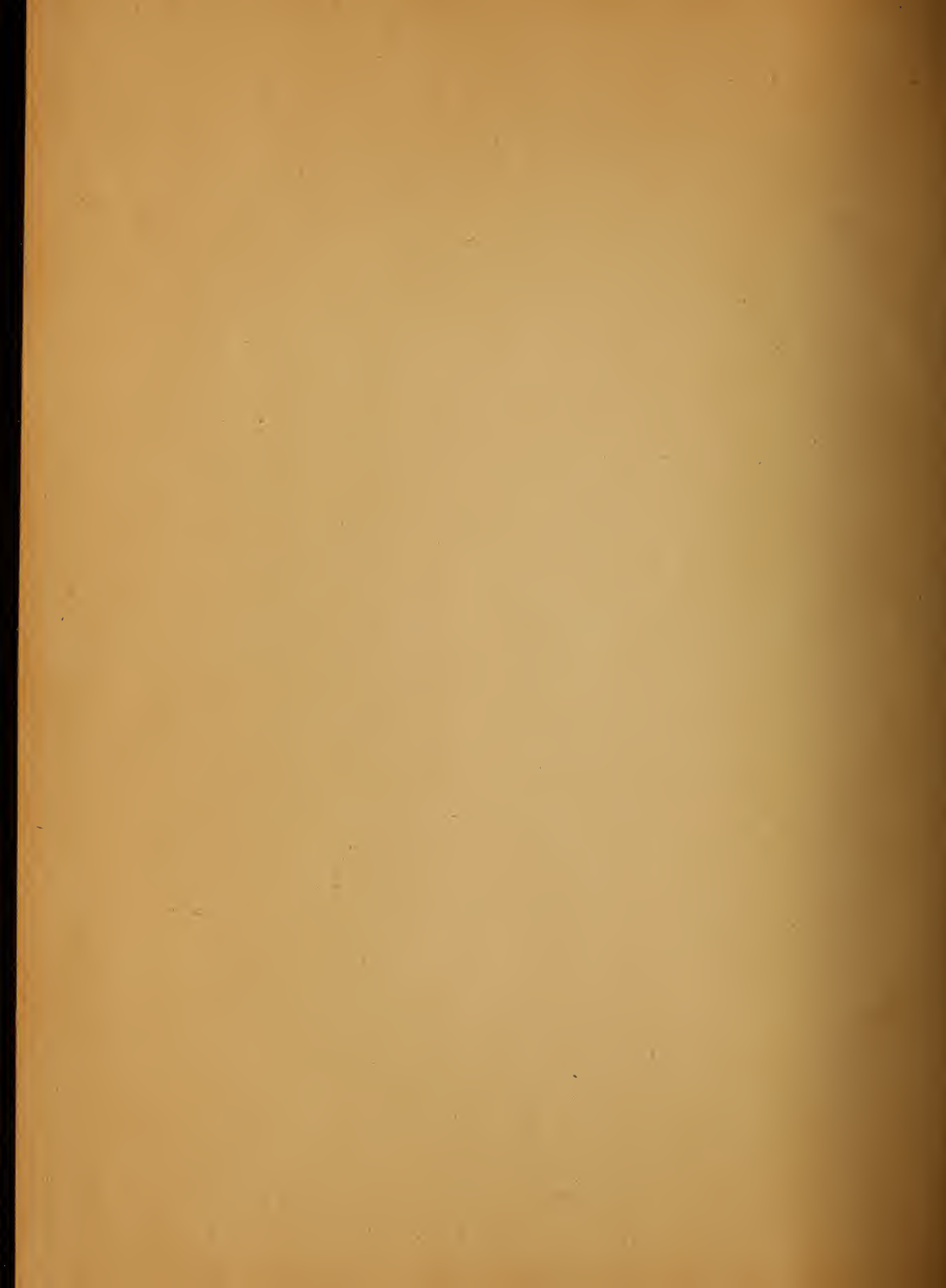
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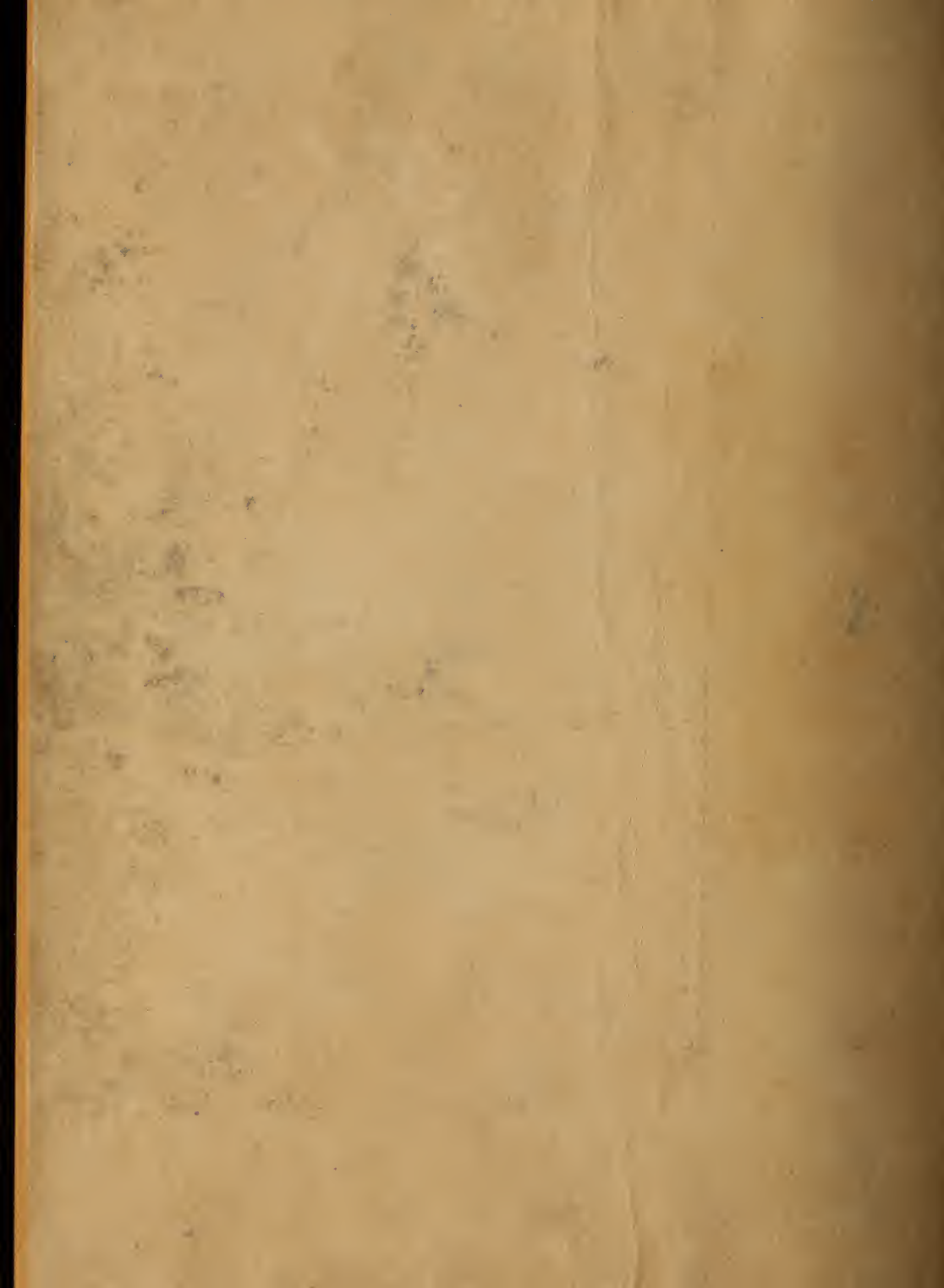
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E. L. from Sir C. B.

Barnsgate August 4. Sunday, 1816.

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OCCASIONAL POEMS,

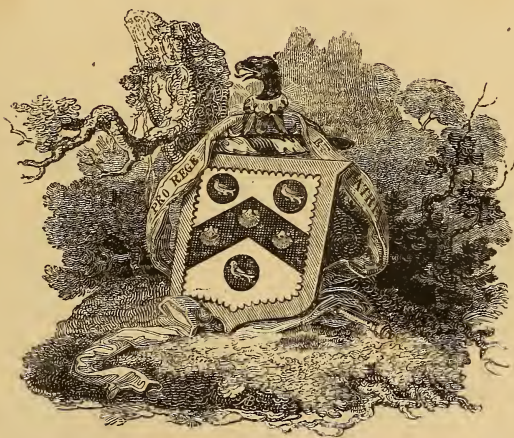
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OCCASIONAL POEMS,

BY

WILLIAM HAMMOND, ESQ.

FIRST PRINTED 1655.



LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY AND SON,
Eolt-Court, Fleet-Street,

FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1816.

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TO
WILLIAM HAMMOND,
OF
ST. ALBANS COURT,
IN
THE PARISH OF NONINGTON, IN EAST KENT, ESQ.

These revised Poems

OF HIS COLLATERAL ANCESTOR ARE DEDICATED,

BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND AND COUSIN,

S. E. B.

31 *May*, 1816.

P R E F A C E.

AT the period of literature at which the present Reprint, limited to a very few copies, is offered to the public, it cannot be necessary, or less than impertinent, to apologize for the revival of scarce volumes of old poetry. At the same time an Editor whose zeal involves him in such an occupation will be much mistaken if he shall expect any praise, or even shall hope to escape illiberal censure or back-biting sneers for his toil and his pecuniary risk. If this Editor be one, who undertakes these things as a task, and not as an amusement; if he wastes long labour and minute and painful attention on these trifles, he will probably magnify the importance of his subject, till he exposes it to the just ridicule of a severe judgment or correct taste; if on the contrary he takes it up as a short relief from the fatigue of high and serious vocations; if he seizes at intervals a few moments of doubtful and hurried leisure, to soothe his weary spirits with a dalliance among these recreations of his early attachment, his pages will probably exhibit some marks of inadvertence and haste, on which fools will

fix with eagerness; and over which stupid exactness will triumph. There are those, who think that what cannot be done perfectly, it were better to forbear. He who is deterred by this sentiment from acting, is selfish: and he, who thus judges of the acts of another, is neither candid, nor wise.

In the midst of anxious cares, occupied in the laborious discharge of public duties, urged by honour and zeal to the performance of numerous literary engagements, I struggle as I can, through all the added employments which an inextinguishable ardour induces me to impose on myself, with the expectation of leisure which never comes, and calmness of mind which never visits me: while a thankless set of readers, neither knowing, nor bound to regard if they knew, the difficulties of performance which render my labours so imperfect, seem only to seek out the omissions, or the oversights, which want of time has occasioned,

..... "aut incuria fudit."

I call on no one, whose curiosity or taste it will not gratify, to purchase this little volume! On the contrary, I protest against his purchase of it! I seek not his praise: I scorn his censure, or his criticism: it is not for him that I have laboured!

WILLIAM HAMMOND was mentioned by Edward Philips, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1675, among the minor poets of the middle of the seventeenth century: but I am not aware that the volume of his productions has been known in the present day. In looking during the Summer of 1814 into the *Poems by W. H.* 1655,

printed, I found internal evidence, which appears to me conclusive, that these were the Poems of *William Hammond*.

In these Poems W. H. has

1. Verses *on the death of* MY much honoured UNCLE, MR. G. SANDYS, p. 89.
2. Verses *on the death of* MY dear BROTHER, MR. H. S. drowned. p. 75.
3. ——— “ *To* MY dear SISTER, MRS. S. p. 79.
4. ——— “ *On the marriage of* MY dear KINSMAN, T. S[tanley] Esq. and MRS. D. E[nyon] p. 55.
5. Ad Amicum et Cognitum. T. S[tanleium] p. 38.

In which are these lines.

“ Nec simul edocti, quod avenam inflavimus unam,
Nec quod *de nostrâ stirpe racemus eras!*”

It has been shewn in another place, that the mother of Thomas Stanley the poet was a daughter of Sir William Hammond, of St. Albans Court, in East Kent.

This Sir William Hammond married Margaret Archer, whose mother was sister to Geo. Sandys the poet; and had, among other children, a daughter married to Henry Sandys, nephew of George, and a youngerson WILLIAM HAMMOND, who, beyond all question, was the author of these Poems, inasmuch as all the circumstances stated in the above pieces apply precisely to him. A genealogical Table will be annexed, by which every reader conversant with pedigree will feel a perfect conviction of this identity.

At the time that WILLIAM HAMMOND published this volume, his family had owned St. Albans Court for nearly a century. This seat is in the parish of Nonington, on the right of the road from Canterbury to Deal; and had been before the dissolution of monasteries, a *Grange* to the Abbey of St. Albans in Hertfordshire: at which time this family had been tenants to that Monastery. Perhaps there does not exist in the Kingdom another instance, in which the old tenants, having become the purchasers, have remained there to this day: for there they still remain, endowed with a large property, and honourable alliances. Anthony, the poet's elder brother, had a younger son Anthony, grandfather of James Hammond, the Elegiac Poet.*

The County of Kent has in former ages not been without its literary glory. In a preceding century it produced not only Sir Thomas Wyatt, but those two illustrious examples of genius Lord Buckhurst and Sir Philip Sydney. At the æra of which I am writing, it was not adorned with equal splendor: but a laudable spirit of literature seems then to have prevailed among the gentilitial families, especially of the eastern part of the county. Hence sprung Sir John Finet and Sir John Mennes, not unknown for their wit as well to the nation as to the court in those times: while the families of Digges, Hawkins, Dering, Honywood, Harflete, Twysden, Sandys, Lovelace, Manwood, Oxenden, Bargrave, Boys, Cowper, and Wyatt, were all engaged in pursuits of genius, or of

* See a notice of the *Hammond* family in the Poem of *The Wizard*, a Kentish Tale, Canto II. in *Censura Lit.* Vol. V. Preface, p. ix.

learning. The effects of example are so obvious, that it is easy to account for this honourable ambition having been so generally spread in a narrow neighbourhood, when once excited. It seems to have expired with that generation; and I know not that it ever revived again. If I feel any regret at this, it is a mere matter of personal feeling, with which the reader has no concern; and I have lived too long to embroil myself with neighbours, merely because our pursuits are uncongenial and we have different estimates of distinction and importance. The race of Country Gentlemen is rapidly dwindling away, and I lament it with a keen anticipation of the substantial evils which will follow their extinction: I will not therefore hint a word to their disadvantage, though they may not in all respects realize that pure and intellectual ambition, which a visionary fancy paints as drawing its food from groves and forests and all the enchantment of rural scenery.

I regret that I can give no other particulars of this Poet than those of his descent. The present heir of the family, whom I have consulted on this occasion, has no memorials of him among his papers: his name alone is recorded in the pedigree, without even the addition of a date, and his very existence would have been buried in the grave with "the tribe without a name," had he not himself preserved in these poems the few links by which he can be joined to his proper family and place.

I wish that these pieces had contained, like many others to which such things form the principal attraction, more notices of friends, relations, acquaintances, rivals, and others, with whom he had communication in the occurrences of life. In these pages we can

trace little of his habits, or real sentiments. There are passages in them which approach to elegance, and even to poetry; but they are almost always of a faint and minor cast: they betray rather the echo of some cotemporary, than the vigour of original power; but then they exhibit a mind highly cultivated, and well exercised in that style of composition, which the example of the day rendered most attractive.

PEDIGREE OF HAMMOND, OF ST. ALBANS COURT.

Thomas Hammond = Alice, daugh. of Edw.
 purchased St. Albans Court in
 Nonington, Kent, 1551, died
 1566. See *Cole's Escheats*,
Harl. MSS. 758.

Edward Hammond, of St. Albans Court, Esq. = Katherine Shelley, of
 Patsham, in Sussex.
 aet. 16, 1566.

Sir Wm. Hammond, of St. Albans Court, = Elizabeth, daughter of Anthony Aucher, Esq.
 born 1579, knighted 1607, died 1615.
Qu. ob. vita patris?
 by Margaret, daughter of Edwyn Sandys,
 Archbp. of York. She re-married Walter
 Balcanqual, Dean of Rochester, who died
 1645.

1. Ant. Hammond, Esq. = Anne, daughter
 of St. Albans Court, of Sir Dudley
 born 1608, died 1661. Digges, knt.

3. William,
 born 1614,
the poet.

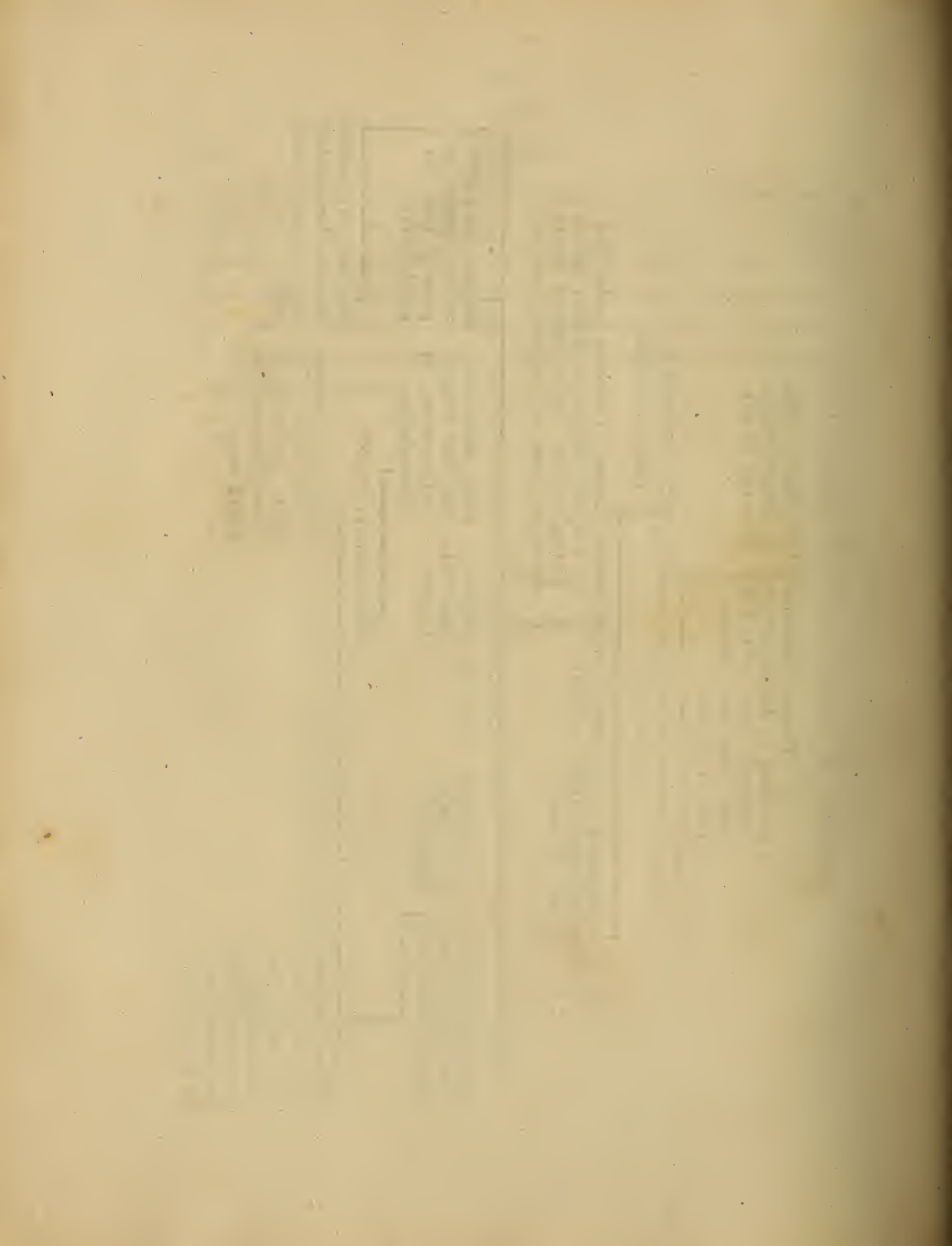
Mary, married 1621
 Sir Thos. Stanley, in
 of Cumberland, in
 Hertfordshire.

Margaret, born 1610,
 = Hen. Sandys, ne-
 phew of Geo. San-
 dys the poet.

Thomas Stanley, the poet.

Eliz. born 1611, married
 Sir John Marsham, bart.
 the Antiquary. She died
 1689.

William Hammond, = Eliz. Marsham. 2. Dudley Hammond. 3. Anthony Hammond,
 of St. Albans Court, of Somersham, Co.
 died 1685, great Hunts, grandfather of
 great grandfather of James Hammond, the
 the present William Elegiac poet.
 Hammond, Esq. of
 St. Albans Court.



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P O E M S.

~~~~~  
*By W. H.*  
~~~~~

..... cineri gloria sera venit.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THOMAS DRING, AT THE GEORGE IN FLEET-
STREET, NEAR CLIFFORD'S-INN GATE.

1655.

P O E M S.



COMMANDED TO WRITE VERSES.

MADAM,

SINCE your command inspires
My willing heart with lyric fires,
Though my composure owe its birth,
Or to cold water, or dull earth,
Wanting the active qualities
That spritely fire and air comprise ;
Yet guided by that influence,
I may with those defects dispense :
And raptures no less winning vent
Than the fam'd Thracian instrument;

What, though old sullen Saturn lie
 Brooding on my nativity ;
 So your bright eyes the clouds dispell,
 Which on my drooping fancy dwell !

But stay, what glass have we so bright,
 To do your matchless beauty right ?
 Nature but from her own disgrace
 Can add no lustre to that face ;
 Not from her patterns can we find
 A form to represent your mind.
 The figures which this world invest
 Are images, in which exprest
 Some truer essences appear,
 Which not to sight subjected are.
 So you, fair Celia, inwardly
 Dissemble well the Deity,
 And counterfeit in flesh and skin
 The fineness of a Cherubin :

But, fair one, if you must put on
 The order's Institution,
 Admitted to this Hierarchy,
 A guardian angel be to me.



THE WALK.

BLEST Walk ! that with your leavy arms embrace
 In small, what beauty the dilated face
 Of the whole world contains ! The violet,
 Bowing its humble head down at her feet,
 Pays homage for the livery of her veins :
 Roses and lilies, and what beauteous stains
 Nature adorns the Spring with, are but all
 Faint copies of this fair Original.
 She is a moving Paradise, doth view
 Your greens, not to refresh herself, but you.
 This path's th' Ecliptic, heat prolific hence
 Is shed on you by her kind influence ;

She is, alas! too like the Sun, who grants
 That warmth to all, which in himself he wants.
 You thus oblig'd, this benefit return,
 Teach her by lectures visible to burn;
 That she, when Zephyr moves each whisp'ring bough
 To kiss his neighbour, thence may learn t' allow
 The real seals of kindness, and be taught
 By twining woodbines what sweet joys are caught
 In such embraces. Thus and thousand ways
 Told you by amorous Fairies, and the lays
 Of your fond guardian, waken her desires,
 Requiring your own warmth with equal fires.



HUSBANDRY.

WHEN I began my Love to sow,
 Because with Venus' doves I plow'd,
 Fool that I was, I did not know
 That frowns for furrows were allow'd.

The broken heart to make clods torn

By the sharp harrows of disdain,
Crumbled by pressing rolls of scorn,
Gives issue to the springing grain.

Coyness shuts Love into a stove ;
So frost-bound lands their own heat feed ;
Neglect sits brooding upon Love,
As pregnant snow on winter-seed.

The harvest is not till we two
Shall into one contracted be ;
Love's crop alone doth richer grow,
Decreasing to identity.

All other things not nourish'd are
But by Assimilation :
Love, in himself and diet spare,
Grows fat by Contradiction.

MUTUAL LOVE.

FROM our Loves, heat and light are taught to twine,
In their bright nuptial bed of solar beams ;
From our Loves, Thame and Isis learn to join,
Loosing themselves in one another's streams.
And if Fate smile, the fire Love's emblem bears,
If not, the water represents our tears.

From our Loves all magnetic virtue grows,
Steel to th' obdurate loadstone is inclin'd.
From our Loves all the power of chymists flows,
Earth by the Sun is into gold refin'd.
And if Fate smile, this shall Love's arrows head,
If not, in those is our hard fortune read.

From our still springing Loves the youthful Bays,
Is in a robe of lasting verdure drest,

From our firm Loves the Cypress learns to raise,
 Green in despite of storms, her deathless crest.
 And if Fate smile, with that our temples bound,
 If not, with this our hearses shall be crown'd.



THE FORSAKEN MAID.

Go, fickle Man, and teach the Moon to change,
 The winds to vary, the coy Bee to range :
 You that despise the conquest of a town,
 Render'd without resistance of one frown.

Is this of easy faith the recompence?
 Is my prone love's too prodigal expense
 Rewarded with disdain? Did ever dart
 Rebound for such a penetrable heart?

Diana, in the service of whose shrine,
 Myself to single life I will confine,
 Revenge thy Votaress ; for unto thee
 The ruling ocean bends his azure knee.

And since he loves upon rough seas to ride,
 Grant such an Adria, whose swelling tide,
 And stormy tongue, may his false vessel wrack,
 And make the cordage of his heart to crack.



ANOTHER.

KNOW, falsest Man, as my love was
 Greater than thine, or thy desert,
 My scorn shall likewise thine surpass,
 And thus I tear thee from my heart.

Thou art so far my love below,
 That than my anger thou art less ;
 I neither love nor quarrel now,
 But pity thy unworthiness.

Go join, before thou think to wed,
 Thy heart and tongue in wedlock's knot :
 Can peace be reaped from his bed,
 Who with himself accordeth not ?

Go learn to weigh thy words upon
 The balance of reality,
 And having that perfection
 Attain'd, come then, and I'll scorn thee.

J. C.

ANAGRAM.

“ I CAN BE ANY LOVER.”

SEE how the letters of thy name impart
 The very whispers of thy heart.
 This name came surely out of Adam's mint,
 It bears so well thy nature's print.
 Woman, *materia prima* doth present,
 Is to all forms indifferent,
 As pictures do at once with various eyes,
 Distinctly view all companies,
 With such a stedfast look, that each man would
 Swear they did only him behold.
 Thus run we in a wheel, where stedfast ground
 To fix our footing is not found,

Whilst woman's heart incliningly doth move,
 Like twigs to every sigh of Love.
 She, who imparts her smiles to more than one,
 May many like, but can love none.
 The force of all things in contraction lies,
 And love thrives by monopolies.
 Those glasses that collect the scatter'd rays
 Into one point, a flame can raise:
 Straiten the object, you increase love's store;
 So loving less, you love the more.



DE MELIDORIA.

Æ JOH. BARCLAY POEM. LIB. II.

WHY languish I, ye Gods, alone?
 Why only I? when not one groan
 Afflicteth her for whom I die:
 You mighty powers of Love, oh why

Doth Melidore despise your darts,
 And their effects too, bleeding hearts?
 If thus, oh Gods, ye suffer her
 Unpunished, none will prefer
 Your altars; such examples may
 Become the ruin of your sway.

With Venus and her mighty son
 Expostulating thus, I won
 This answer: Alas, Cupid cries,
 I hood-wink'd am; my closed eyes
 Bound with a fillet, that my bow
 Can none but roving shafts let go;
 Hence 'tis that troops of violent
 Youth their misplaced loves resent;
 That some love rashly; some again
 Congealed are with cold disdain:
 Wouldst thou thy mistress, I inspire,
 And in her breast convey that fire

Which nature suffers not to find
 Birth from thy tears? Do but unbind
 My eyes, and I will take such aim,
 As she shall not escape my flame :

Thus spake the boy, my ready hand
 Prepared was to loose the band
 From his fair eye-lids, that his sight
 Might to his dart give steady flight ;
 When my good Genius' prudent ear,
 Whisper'd to my rash soul, Beware !
 Ah, shameless boy, deceitful Love,
 I see thy plot, should I remove
 Those chains of darkness from thy eyes,
 Thou Melidore so much would prize,
 That straight my rival thou wouldst be,
 And warm her for thyself, not me.

DELAY

UPON ADVICE TO DEFER LOVE'S CONSUMMATION.

DELAY, whose parents Phlegm and Slumber are,
Thinkst thou two snails, drawing thy leaden car,
Can keep pace with the fiery wheels of Love's
Chariot, that receives motion from swift doves?
Go visit Fevers, such as conscience rack
With fear of punishment in death; there slack
The pulse, or dwell upon the fatal tongues
Of Judges, shut up their contagious lungs:
Thou mayst a gaol rejoice, but not decree
To Love's glad prisoners a jubilee.
How canst thou think thy frost with icy laws
Can bind my tears, when Love thy cold chain thaws?
He more intense for fighting ice will be,
And raise his heat unto the eighth degree.

Thus through thy coldness I shall fiercer burn,
And by thy winter into cinders turn.

But since from Ignorance fears oft arise,
And thence are stol'n unequal victories,
Let us describe this foe, muster his force:
A handless thing it is, and chills the source
Of brave attempts. Eyes he pretends to much,
Yet our experience often shews that such
Exactness in surveying opes a gate
To be surpriz'd by Semele's sad fate.
'Tis a meer trunk, hath not for progress feet;
Coward that fears his own desires to meet.
His friends are scarce; the Heavens, whose flight debates
The race with thought, are no confederates:
The world is love in act; suspend this fire,
The globe to its old Chaos will retire:

Infernal souls, but for his lothed stay,
Might hope their night would open into day.

How can this cripple then, not with one band,
Aided by Earth, Heaven, Hell, his power withstand,
Who hath of Earth, Heaven, Hell, the forces broke,
Impos'd on Neptune's self his scorching yoke?
But if thou need'st will haunt me, let thy mace
Arrest delight, when I my Love embrace.



UPON CLORIS'S VISIT AFTER MARRIAGE.

*A PASTORAL DIALOGUE BETWIXT CODRUS AND DAMON,
FORSAKEN RIVALS.*

CODRUS.

WHY, Damon, did Arcadian Pan ordain
To drive our flocks from that meridian plain,

Where Cloris' perpendicular shot beams
 Scorch'd up our lawns, but that cool Charwell's streams
 Might here abate those flames, which higher were,
 Than the faint moisture of our flocks could fear?

DAMON.

Codrus, I wot the dog that tended there
 Our flocks, was he which in the heavenly sphere
 So hotly hunts the Lion, that the trace
 Of Virgo scarce his fiery steps allays;
 Into our veins a fever he convey'd,
 And on our vital spirits fiercely prey'd.

CODRUS.

Oh, why then brought she back her torrid zone?
 Conquer'd her trophies? Let us not alone
 After so many deaths? renew'd our flame,
 When 'twas impossible to quench the same?

It is the punishment of Hell, to show
The tortur'd souls those joys they must not know !

DAMON.

Though my flock languish under her aspect;
My panting dog his office too neglect;
Though I refuse repast, and by her eyes
Inflam'd, prostrate myself her sacrifice,
I shall yet covet still her dubious rays,
Whose light revives as much as her heat slays.

CODRUS.

If Thyrsis slept not in her shady hair,
If in his arms her snow not melted were,
We might expect a more successful day,
And to some hopes our willing hearts betray,
Which now live desperate without joy of light ;
Her black eyes shed on us perpetual night.

DAMON.

Codrus, because his ragged flock was thin,
 His sheep-walk bare, and his ewes did not yeau,
 His noble Love (hear this, O Swains) resign'd
 His eyes' delight, a wealthier mate to find;
 But she (rash in her choice) gave her embrace
 To one whose bread coarser than Codrus' was.

CODRUS.

Damon (than whom none e'er did longer burn ;
 Nor at his rate, upon so small return)
 Damon (the pride and glory of the mead,
 When nymphs and swains their tuned measures tread)
 Begg'd of her that a better choice might prove
 She lov'd herself, since him she could not love.

DAMON.

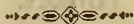
Had Thyrsis' flocks in milk abounded more,
 I should not with such grief my loss deplore.

CODRUS.

Could Thyrsis' pipe more worthily resound,
 Cloris, oh Cloris! I had comfort found.

BOTH.

That our heart-racking sighs no gain bequeath
 To Cloris, is a dying after death.



ON THE

INFREQUENCY OF CELIA'S LETTERS.

DID not true love disdain to own
 His spiritual duration,
 From paper fuel, I might guess
 Thy love and writing both surcease
 Together; but I cannot think
 The life and blood of love is ink;

Yet as when Phœbus leaves our coast,
 (The surface bound with chains of frost,)
 Life is sustain'd by coarse repast,
 Such as in spring nauseates the taste ;
 So in my winter, whilst you shine
 In the remotest tropic sign,
 Stramineous food, paper and quill,
 May fodder hungry love, until
 He re-obtain solstitial hours,
 To feast upon thy beauty's flowers.

The wonders then of nature we
 Within ourselves will justify:
 Or what monumental boast
 The first world made, the latter lost:
 Thy pointed flame shall constant 'bide
 As an eternal pyramid ;

The never-dying lamp of Urns
 Revived in my bosom burns :
 Th' attractive virtue of the North
 Resembleth thy magnetic worth;
 And from my scorcht heart, through mine eyes
 Ætnean flashes shall arise:
 We shall make good, when more unite,
 The fable of Hermaphrodite :
 The spring and harvest of our bliss
 The ripe and budding orange is;
 We little worlds shall thus rehearse
 The wonders of the universe,
 As a small watch keeps equal pace
 With the vast Sun's impetuous race.

TO HER QUESTIONING HIS ESTATE.

PRITHEE no more, how can Love sail?

Thy providence becalms our seas:
Suspensive Care binds up each gale;
Fear doth the lazy current freeze.

Forecast and Love, the lover swears,
Remov'd as the two poles should be:
But if on them must roll the spheres
Of our well-tun'd felicity:

If Sums and Terrors I must bring,
Nor may my inventory hide,
Know I am richer than the king,
Who gilt Pactolus' yellow Tide.

For Love is our philosopher's stone;
 And whatso'er doth please thy sense,
 My prizing estimation
 Shall elevate to quintessence.

Thy lips each cup to wine shall charm,
 As the Sun's kisses do the vine;
 Naked embraces keep us warm;
 And stript, than May thou art more fine.

And when thou hast me in thy arms,
 (The power of Fancy's then most high)
 Instate me by those mighty charms
 In some imperial monarchy.

Thus I am thy wealth, thou art mine:
 And what to each other we appear,
 If Love us two in one combine,
 The same then in our selves we are.

THE SPRING.

SEE how the Spring courts thee, Emaphilis;
The painted meadows to invite thine eyes
Put on their rich embroidery; the shade
Of every grove is now an harbour made
Where devout birds, to celebrate thy praise,
Each morn and evening offer up their lays;
Now the soft wind his winter-rage deposes;
Solicits gardens for the breath of roses,
To pay as homage to thy sweeter lips;
Where such Nectarean fragrancy he sips,
That richly laden to the East he roves,
And with thy breath perfumes those spicy groves:
Their native fount, and sacred Naiades,
These issuing streams renouncing to the press;

Whom finding they with purling murmurs chide :
 That Nature's law commands away their tide :
 Wishing that winter would confine their race
 In icy chains, that they might stand and gaze.

If thou canst thus inflame Nature's cold rheum,
 What wonder that my youthful flood consume ?



THE CRUEL MISTRESS.

TELL me, O Love, why Celia, smooth
 As seas when winds forbear to soothe
 Their waves to wanton curls, than down
 More swift, which doth the thistle crown,
 Whither then is the milky road,
 That leads to Jove's supreme abode,
 Should harder far and rougher be
 Than most obdurate rocks to me ?

Sheds on my hopes as little day,
 As the pale Moon's eclipsed ray?
 My heart would break, but that I hear
 Love gently whisper in my ear,
 "Actions of women, by affection led,
 Must backward, like the sacred tongue, be read."



TO HIS MISTRESS,

DESIRING HIM TO ABSENT HIMSELF.

SEE how the river's liquid glass

Can never cease its motion,
 Until he hide his crystal face
 I' th' bosom of the ocean.

The amorous nymphs, who closely guide

His purling chariot's reins,
 Declare, that Love's impetuous tide
 To be repress disdains.

Charm Zephyr, that his gentle wing
 Not with Narcissus play,
 The Sun in his diurnal ring
 From Thetis' lap delay.
 Stop the departed soul's career
 To its appointed blisses;
 All this effected, you may steer
 Me to abstain your kisses.



TO HIS SCORNFUL MISTRESS.

LOVE in 's first infant days had's wardrobe full;
 Sometimes we found him courting in a Bull:
 Then, drest in snowy plumes, his long neck is
 Made pliable and fit to reach a kiss:
 When aptest for embraces, he became
 Either a winding snake, or curling flame:
 And cunningly a pressing kiss to gain,
 The Virgin's honour in a grape would stain:

When he consulted lawns for privacies,
 The Shepherd, or his Ram, was his disguise:
 But the blood raging to a rape, put on
 A Satyr, or a wilder Stallion;
 And for variety, in Thetis' court
 Did like a Dolphin with the Sea-nymph sport:
 But since the sad barbarian yoke hath bow'd
 The Grecian neck, Love hath less change allow'd:
 Contracted lives in eyes; no flaming robes
 Wears, but are lent him in your crystal globes:
 Not worth a water'd garment; when he wears
 That element he steals it from my tears.
 A Snake he is, alas! when folded in
 Your frowns, where too much sting guards the fair skin:
 A Shepherd unto cares, and only sips
 The blushing grape of your Nectarean lips:
 The Ram, Bull, Stallion, Satyrs only fight
 Love's battles now in my wild appetite.

He in his Swan too suffers a restraint,
 Cygnæan only in my dying plaint.

Since all his actions Love to morals turns,
 And faintly now in things less real burns,
 In such a weakness contraries destroy,
 And she his murtheress is, who now is coy.



TO MR. J. L.

UPON HIS TREATISE OF DIALLING.

OLD Time, but for thy art, alone would pass,
 And idly bear his solitary glass :
 Though he fly fast, thy judgment mounted on
 The wings of fancy, yokes his motion :
 Each little sand falls not unquestioned by
 The due observance of thy piercing eye ;
 Each moment you converse with so, that thus
 Discoursing his stage seems not tedious :

Others, perhaps, by their mechanic art
 May ask him what's o'clock, then let him part :
 Thou in thy circles conjur'st him to stay,
 Till he relate to thee the month and day ;
 All propositions of the globe dost bring
 To be confest as well in dialling :
 What lucky signs successively do run,
 By the reclining chariot of the Sun ;
 And in a various dialect of schemes
 Interpret'st all the motions of his beams,
 How many hours each day he travels in,
 When he arrives diagonal inn.*
 Other books shew the trade of dialling,
 But thine the art and reason of the thing :
 Thou know'st the spring and cause that makes it go ;
 Addest new wheels ; demonstrated all, so

* Sic. *Edit.*

That weak eyes now may see, what was before
 Defective in the fam'd Osorius' store:
 A limb, at least, of this celestial trade
 Asleep, till now, lay in the Gnomon's shade;
 Nor teachest thou, as those who first did find
 With much circumference the Indian mine;
 Thy needle points the nearest way, and hath
 Made straight th' obliquity of the old path;
 Thou nor thine art our praises need, yet I
 Will for this miracle both deify.

Thine art enlightens by a shade, of that
 Nothing a real science you create.



EPITHALAMIUM.

TO THE L. T. MARRIED IN THE NORTH.

WELCOME, fairest, thee our rhyme
 Congratulates, rather than him,
 Who shines obliquely on our clime.

The beams directly pointed fall,
 That we our Bear the Cancer call,
 This zone still Equinoctial.

The mists our German seas create,
 Thy eyes, though Phœbus mediate,
 Originally dissipate.

Cassiope, though heavenly fair,
 Hides her new face, and burnish'd chair,
 When you enlighten the day's air.

They only rule material sense ;
 Your Love's example may dispense
 To inflam'd souls chaste influence.

Unto that flame, which doubly warms
 Thy beauty's Summer, and Loves charms,
 May time nor sickness threaten harms.

May Hymen's torch on northern shore
 Dilate into a Pharos ; for
 Besieg'd by cold fire burns the more.



TO EUGENIO.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE LOVE OF TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

MAN, of a troubled spirit, prone to fight,
 In fortitude placing too much delight,
 Unjustly friendship disinherited,
 No dowry to her hath proportioned
 Amongst the moral sisters of the will ;
 Goddess of youth, though she yet should not fill
 Their cups, be she none of the wheels, her right
 Is in the treasure ; draws the appetite
 To amiable good ; but if the rein
 Be held by Prudence, for she guides the wain,
 This virtue next inheritrix is she,
 Fitted to turn upon that axletree ;

For lamely would the Will's bright chariot move,
If not inform'd by friendly heat of Love,
Whose lightning shoots directly, never bends
Reflecting glances upon private ends.
Indeed her sister, of a bastard race,
Squints on her good, like Venus in her glass ;
Mechanic Love, Desire with usury,
Which ne'er is lent but for utility,
Or some return of pleasure to the sense ;
A thrifty worldling, hight Concupisence.
The first a wealthy Queen of generous strain ;
The latter indigent, and works for gain ;
That, from the bosom of the deity,
Derives the lustre of her pedigree.
Who of this wonder truly is possest,
Hath Heaven's epitome lodg'd in his breast ;
This children to their parents give, by this
Perfum'd with frankincense the altar is ;

That's gold refined, whose solidity,
 The perfect emblem of true constancy,
 Being ductile, will consume itself, and pine
 Even to small threads to make another fine:
 Self-loving this as subtle Mercury,
 Which parted, to itself again doth fly.



AD AMICUM ET COGNATUM, T. S.*

ÆTERNÆ, primo repetam de fonte, Sobrine,

A nobis initum foedus amicitiae:

Non erat in causis probitas promiscua morum,

Quodque iisdem tecum ritibus oro deum,

Nec simul edocti quod avenam inflavimus unam,

Nec quod de nostra stirpe † racemus eras?

Hæ modo conciliatrices si mentibus essent

Convictus, virtus, stirps, eademque fides,

* Thomas Stanley.

† Stanley's mother was a Hammond.

Debueram plures arsisse hac lege, merentes

Æque de nostra forsā amicitia.

Causa subest ex naturæ penetralibus hausta,

Esse meæ paritas indolis atque tuæ :

Si flammam admoveas flammæ, si fluctibus undas,

Res in idem, fuerat quæ modo bina, redit.

Confusi pariter genio coalescimus uno,

Compagesque tuæ mentis ubique mea est :

Cumque meum tecum similaribus undique constet

Partibus ingenium, prona synaxis erat :

Virtutis seges ampla tuæ sit mater amoris,

Mater amicitiae non eritilla meæ :

Plures inter amor diffunditur ; ipsæ duorum

Tantum, qui fiunt unus, amicitia est :

Quicquid id est quod nos a nobis cogit amari,

Nos eadem ratio temet amare facit.

TO THE SAME,
BEING SICK OF A FEVER.

HORAT. OD. II. 17.

AM not I in thy fever sacrific'd ?
 That you alone by Fate should be surpriz'd,
 You, my sole sun-shine, my soul's wealth and pride,
 Is both by me and by the Gods denied :
 If hasty death take thee, my soul, away,
 Can I, a loath'd imperfect carcase, stay ?
 No, no ; our twisted lives must be cut both
 Together ; this I dare confirm by oath,
 Whene'er thou leap'st into the fatal boat,
 I'll leap in, glad with thee in death to float :
 Nor shall that dubious monster, breathing fire,
 Nor Gyges' hundred hands, did he respire,
 Pluck me from this resolve, approved so
 By Fate and Justice : whither Scorpio

Fierce in my Horoscope, or *Capricorn*
 Oppressing *Latium* with his watry horn,
 Or *Libra* brooded my nativity,
 'Tis sure our mutual stars strangely agree.



TO THE SAME,

RECOVERED OF THE SMALL POX.

NATURE foreseeing that if thou wert gone,
 And we her younger children left alone,
 None could with virtue feed this beggar'd age,
 For with the heir is gone, and heritage,
 In pity longer lent us thee, that so
 Thou might'st lead mankind, and teach how to go;
 How to speak languages, to discourse how,
 How the created book of things to know,

How with smooth cadence harsher verse to file,
Within soft numbers to confine a stile,
And lastly how to love a friend ; for this
Lesson, the crown of human actions is.

Nor was't in pity to our state alone,
She, as all do, reflected on her own,
And gave thee longer breath, that our desire
Might learn of thine her beauty to admire ;
Nor out of pity to thy youth, whose hearse
Not to thy self, but to the universe
Had ship-wreck'd been ; for thou hadst stood, being dead,
Above the sphere of being pitied.
Let then this thy reintegrated wreck
Not irksome be if only for our sake,
For friendship is the greatest argument
Moves us to be from angels here content,

Yet one inducement more thy stay may plead,
 That nature hath so clean thy prison made.
 What though she pit thy skin? She only can
 Deface the woman in thee, not the man.



TO THE SAME.

LET me not live if I not wonder why
 In night of rural contemplation, I
 So long have dreamt, when from thy lips I might
 As instantly gain intellectual light,
 As by this amphitheatre of air
 The sudden beams of Sol imbibed are ;
 Why then by reflex letters like the moon
 Shine I, when thou invit'st me to thy noon?
 Why do I vainly sweat here to controul
 Th' assertors of the perishable soul,
 Where all the reason I encounter, can
 Scarce win belief a rustic is a man.

To reconcile the contradiction
 Of Freedom with Predestination,
 To be resolv'd the Earth doth rest upon
 Her axis as a spit against the Sun,
 Or what bold Argive fleet durst to translate,
 Of those beasts that first stray'd from Ararat,
 Only the noxious to America,
 And how these puny pilots found the way,
 Or whether from the habitable Moon,
 Like Saturn, they, and Vulcan, tumbled down,
 Whether abroad Imaginations work,
 Whether in numbers potency doth lurk,
 Whether all Earth intended was for gold,
 And thousands more we doubtfully do hold?
 Thus we poor sceptics in the region
 Of Fancy float, foes to assertion;
 But I will perch on thee, and make my stand
 Of settled knowledge on thy steady hand.

TO THE SAME.

ON MY LIBRARY.

A SATIRE.

A HUNDRED here together buried lie,
 Still jangling with eternal enmity,
 Contesting after death; the Stagirite
 Advanceth there with his trust band, to fight
 Against ideas : th' Epicurean band
 In arms, which pleasure guilt, here ready stand
 To charge the rusty sword of the severe
 Stoic. Phlebotomizing Galen there
 Triumphs in blood, and not the bad alone
 Exterminates his corporation,
 But makes joint ostracisms for the good;
 Till later wits resenting Nature's food
 In greatest need promiscuously had been
 Disgarison'd, invent new discipline,

Strengthening the vitals with some cordial dose,
 Which Nature might, which unbroke files oppose.
 But, upon fresh supplies, let her cashire,
 If not reducible, each mutineer
 On yonder shelf we may the heritage
 Find of this heathen sword fall'n to our age :
 A doubtful blade, whose fore-edge guards the sense
 Of Stoics' fate ; the sharp back is the fence
 Of Lernean Predestination,
 The bane of crowns and true devotion.
 The Will's ability Pelagius calls
 What Peripateticks stile *pure naturals*.
 The point by which Philosophy did use
 To prove ideas, you'll confess obtuse,
 To that, by which Religion now maintains
 Uncouth chimeras of exorbitant brains.
 As the World's noble soul, the generous Sun,
 By an equivocal conjunction,

Begets the basest creeping progeny;
 So when the princely sire, Philosophy,
 Adulterates faith, the monsters that arise
 Degenerate to bastard heresies.

Thus have I made a short narration
 Here of a posthumous contention :
 They to thy judgment all submit their hate,
 Hoping thy presence soon will moderate
 Their vast dissent, as element all strife
 Is kinder far when actuated by life.



TO THE SAME,

ON HIS POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS.

If what we know be made ourselves, for by
 Divesting all materiality,
 And melting the bare species into
 Our intellect; ourselves are what we know,

Thou art in largeness of thy knowing mind,
 As a seraphic essence unconfin'd ;
 Content within those narrow walls to dwell,
 Yet canst so far that point of flesh out-swell,
 That thine intelligence extends through all
 Languages which we European call.
 What Colossæan strides dost thou enlarge !
 Fixing one foot in Sequan's wat'ry barge
 Dost in Po, t'other lave, teaching each swan
 A note more dying than their idiom can :
 Vext Tagus' nymphs receive of thee new dresses,
 Composing in Thame's glass their golden tresses :
 Yea, more, I've seen thy young Muse bathe her wing
 In the deep waters of Stagira's spring.

Nor do thy beams warm by reflex alone ;
 Those that emerge directly from the Sun
 Of thy rich fancy, warm our loves, as well
 As those whom other languages repell ;

Thou the divine acts thus dost imitate,
 As well conserve an author, as create.

On then, brave youth, learning's full system ; go
 Enlarge thyself to a vast folio ;
 That the world in suspense where to bestow
 That admiration, which it late did owe
 To the large-knowing Belgic Magazine,*
 May justly pay it thee as his assign.
 If future hours with laden thighs shall strive
 To fill as well thine intellectual hive,
 As those are past, the Court of Honour must,
 To crown thee, ravish garlands from his dust.

* Hugo Grotius.



TO THE SAME,

ON HIS POEMS,

*THAT HE WOULD LIKEWISE MANIFEST HIS MORE
SERIOUS LABOURS.*

THOU Nature's step here treadest in ;
Dost shew us but thy soul's fair skin,
What Fancy more than intellect did spin.

Thus Nature shows the rose's paint;
Us with the outside doth acquaint,
But keeps reserv'd the soul of the fair plant.

Thy sails all see swelling with haste ;
Yet the hid ballast steers as fast
His steady course, as the apparent mast.

For though carv'd works only appear,
We know there is a basis here,
Doth them together with the fabric bear ;

And that thy lightning intellect,
Though in the clouds yet undetect,
Can Nature's bowels pierce with its aspect.

Melting through stubborn doubts his way,
Whilst Fancy gilds things with her ray,
And but o' th' surface doth of Nature play.

But whilst thy intellect doth wear
The Fancy's dress, his motions are
In Epicides not his proper sphere.

Break forth, and let his double sign
In their own orbs distinctly shine ;
Castor alone bodes danger to the pine.

TO THE SAME,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF TWO SPANISH NOVELS.

THIS transplantation of Sicilian loves
To the more pleasing shades of Albion's groves
Though I admire, yet not the thing betrays
My soul to so much wonder, as the ways
And manner of effecting ; that thy youth,
Untravel'd there, should with such happy truth
Unlock us this Iberian cabinet,
Whose diamonds you in polish'd English set,
Such as may teach the eyes of any dame
I' th' British Court to give and take a flame ;
Herein the greatest miracle we see,
That Spain for this hath travel'd unto thee.

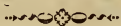
TO THE SAME.

DAMON, thrice happy are thy lays,
Which Amarillis deigns to praise,
And teachest them no restless flame,
But centers thy love there whence first it came!

Her soul she, and her wealthy flocks,
Mingles with thine ; braids her bright locks
Becomingly with thy brown shade,
Whence the Morn is so sweetly doubtful made.

Oh may that twisted twilight's power
Infuse in each successive hour
Eternal calms, untainted rays!
Your tresses rule her nights, and her's your days!

Whilst Thyrsis his sad reed inspires
 With nought, but sighs and hopeless fires,
 Yet glad to spy from his dark cell
 The dawn of Joy from others night expel.



ON THE MARRIAGE OF MY DEAR KINSMAN,
 T. S. ESQ. AND MRS. D. E.*

WHILST the young world was in minority,
 Much was indulged ; no proximity
 Of equal blood could then style marriage
 Incestuous : But, in her riper age,
 Nature a politician grew, and laid
 A sin on wedlock that at home was made :
 That families being mixt, the world might so
 Both issue propagate, and friendship too.
 How will you two then Nature's frown abide,
 Who are in worthiness so near allied ?

* Thomas Stanley, Esq. and Mrs. Dorothy Enion.

For sure she meant that other virtues be
 Enlarged thus, as well as Amity.
 Civility you might have taught the North ;
 She the South Chastity : But now this worth
 Is wanting unto both, 'cause you engross,
 And to yourselves communicate this loss.
 But since best tempers virtue soon admit,
 Your two well-tun'd complexions may so fit
 A second race, and natural goodness lend,
 That Nature shall not thus miss of her end.

On, matchless couple, then ; Hymen smiles : on,
 And by a perfect generation
 Such living statues of yourselves erect,
 That they those virtues which this age reject
 May teach the future, and to act restore,
 All honour, living only now in power.
 Be thou the Adam, she the Eve, that may
 People a true real Utopia.

TO MRS. D. S.*

ON THE BIRTH OF SIDNEY, HER SECOND SON.

DEAR NIECE,

MAY rest drown all thy pains ; but never sleep
 Thy painful merits. Whilst feet verses keep,
 And Muses wings, they shall along, and blow
 Thy fame abroad, whilst time shall circuits go
 To judge strife's elemental, and arouse
 The drowsy world to mind this noble spouse.

How opportunely her heroic fruit,
 Waving her own, doth our torn sex recruit:
 Two boys have sprung from her womb's lively mould,
 Ere both the parents forty summers told.
 She might such human goddesses produce,
 As might the relaps'd world again amuse

* Mrs. Dorothy Stanley.

Into Idolatry, and justify
 Bright Cypria's fable, each poetic lie
 Old Greece, or any modern lover, made
 To deify the beauty of a maid.

But the prizing her mate 'bove her own eyes,
 Him rather with his likeness gratifies ;
 The reason, if a poet may divine,
 Why all her blossoms quicken masculine
 Is, that her brethren, never extant seen,
 But possible, by Fate have kindred been
 Into her flesh, which flowers in virgin snow
 Benumb'd, slept in their winter cause, till now
 That nuptial Sun approach'd, whose piercing ray
 Op'ning their urn, recall'd them into day.
 On this trade angels wait, and on their wing
 Created souls into new bodies bring.

What power hath Love, that can set Heaven a task
 To make a gem, when he prepares the cask?
 And if well set, or void of heinous flaw,
 Ordain'd by the Creator's gracious law
 For his own wearing, which himself will own
 An ornament even to his burnish'd crown.

On then, fair spouse, and ease the pangs of birth
 By thinking you enrich both Heaven and Earth.
 Think you may live till they in honour's sphere
 Brighter than the Tindaridæ appear;
 And then you cannot die! the lives you gave,
 They amply will repay, despoil the grave
 Of your immortal name: may you behold
 Them fully act the praise I faintly told!



HORAT. OD. iii. 3.

"A MAN ENDUED WITH VIRTUE FEARS NOTHING."

THE presence of a tyrant, nor the zeal
 Of citizens forcing rebellions,
 Can shake a squarely solid soul, the seal
 Infringe of honest resolutions.

Untroubled he on stormy Adria sails ;
 At thunder is undaunted as the oak :
 If nature in a general ruin fails,
 He with contented mind sustains the stroke.



TO SIR J. G.

WISHING ME TO REGAIN MY FORTUNES BY COMPLIANCE
 WITH THE PARLIAMENT.

THE resignation of myself and mine
 I prostrate at the footstep of his shrine,

Who, for the mighty love he bore to me,
 Laid out himself in each capacity;
 Unasked, pawns his deity, and shrouds
 Almighty feebleness in human clouds;
 And even that cottage did not death engage
 For three days, to redeem our heritage;
 For no less price than his humanity
 Could ransom us, stamp'd with divinity.

The story of this noble surety, friend,
 Should to such ecstasy our zeals extend,
 That our estates or selves we ne'er should deem
 So free, as when they mortgag'd are for him;
 I therefore can, with a contented mind,
 Shake hands with all the wealth of either Ind,
 In a clear conscience, finding riches more
 Than there the sun bequeaths unto his ore;
 Who drinks with sacred Druids at the brook,
 Whose unjust sufferings are for guilt mistook,

And from their mouth, now the forbidden tree,
 Alas, of knowledge, sucks divinity.
 With angels on an honest bed of leaves
 Redintegrated Paradise conceives ;
 For Heaven is only God's revealed face ;
 So these make Paradise, and not the place.



THE WORLD.

Is this that goodly edifice
 So gaz'd upon by greedy eyes ?
 A scene where cruelty's exprest,
 Or stage of follies is at the best.

Who can the music understand
 From the soft touch of Nature's hand,
 When man, her chiefest instrument,
 So harshly jars without consent.

Do not her natural agents too
 Fail in her operations, so
 That he to whom they best appear,
 Sees but the tombs of what they were?

Her chiefest actions then are such,
 That no external sense may touch;
 Shown doubtfully to the mind's sight
 By the dark fancy's glimmering light.

The Night, indeed which hideth all
 Things else, discloseth the stars' pale
 And sickly faces; but our sense
 Cannot perceive their influence.

They are the hidden books of Fate,
 Where what with pains we calculate
 And doubt, is only plainly known
 To those assist their motion.

The close conveyances that move
 With silent virtue from above
 Incessantly on things below,
 Our duller eyes can never know.

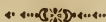
Nothing but colour, shape, and light,
 Create their species in our sight :

All substances avoid the sense
 Close couched under accidents.

In which, attir'd by Nature, we
 Their loose apparel only see :
 Spirits alone intuitive,
 Can to the heart of essence dive.

Why then should we desire to sleep,
 Groveling like swine in mire, so deep,
 The mind for breath can find no way,
 Choak'd up, and crowded into clay.

Stript of the flesh, in the clear spring
Of truth she bathes her soaring wing,
On whom do all ideas shine,
Reflected from the glass divine.



GREY HAIRS.

WELCOME, Grey Hairs, whose light I gladly trust
To guide me to my peaceful bed of dust:
My life's bright stars, whose wakeful eyes shut mine,
Stand on my head as tapers on my shrine.
The world's grand noise of nothing, which invades
My soul, exclude from death's approaching shades;
But as the day is usher'd in by one
And the same star, that shews the day is done,
This twilight of my head, this doubtful sphere,
My body's evening, my soul's morning star,
Th' allay of white amongst the browner hairs,
As well the birth as death of day declares;

As he, who from the hill saw the moist tomb
 Of earth, together with her pregnant womb,
 This mingled colour, with ambiguous strife,
 Demonstrates my decaying into life.
 Thus life and death compound the world ; each weed,
 That fades, revives by sowing its own seed ;
 Matter, suppos'd the whole creation,
 Is nothing but form and privation :
 No borrow'd tresses then, no cheating dye,
 Shall to false life my dying locks belie :
 I shall a perfect microcosm grow,
 When, as the Alps, I crowned am with snow.
 I will believe this white the milky way,
 Which leads unto the court of endless day.

Then let my life's flame so intensely burn,
 That all my hairs may into ashes turn,
 Whence may arise a Phoenix, to repay,
 With Hallelujahs this Eygnean lay.

A DIALOGUE UPON DEATH.

PHILLIS. DAMON.

PHIL.

Damon, amidst the blisses, we
In joint affections fully prove,
Doth it not sometimes trouble thee,
To think that death must part our love?

DAM.

Though sweets concentrate in thy arms,
And that alone I revel there,
A willing prisoner to those charms ;
Love cannot teach me death to fear.

PHIL.

Say of these sweets I should beguile
Thy taste by my inconstancy,
And on thy rival Thyrsis smile,
Would not the loss work grief in thee?

DAM.

Oh nothing more ; for here to be,
Is hell, and thy embraces lack ;
Yet is it Heaven even without thee
To die ; then only art thou black.

PHIL.

Then only art thou black, my dear,
When death shall blast thy vital light ;
Whilst I in life's bright day appear,
Thou sleep'st forgot in death's sad night.

DAM.

Thou art thick-sighted ; couldst thou see
Far off, the other side of death
Would such a prospect open thee,
As thou must needs be sick of breath.

PHIL.

How can that be, when sense doth keep
 The door of pleasure? That destroy'd,
 The soul, if it survive, must sleep,
 Senseless, of delectation void.

DAM.

Sense is the door of such delight,
 As beasts receive; through which, alas,
 Since Nature's nothing but a sight,
 More enemies than friends do pass :

Nor is the soul less capable,
 But naked doth her object prove
 More truly ; as more sensible
 Is this fair hand stript of its glove.

PHIL.

My Damon sure hath surfeited
Of Phillis, and would fain get hence ;
Yet mannerly he veils his dead
Love under a divine pretence.

DAM.

Whilst I am flesh, thou need'st not fear,
Of love in my warm breath a dearth ;
For, since affections earthly are,
They must love thee, the fairest earth.

PHIL.

If thou receive a certain good
Of pleasure in enjoying me,
'Tis wisdom then to period
Thy wishes in a certainty.

DAM.

Joys reap'd on earth, like grasped air,
Away even in enjoyment fly ;
Certain are only such as bear
The stamp of immortality.

PHIL.

Shall we for hope of future bliss
The good of present love neglect ?
Who will a wren possesst dismiss,
A flying eagle to expect ?

DAM.

Who use not here the heavenly way,
And in desire of thither go,
Will at their death uncertain stray,
Losing themselves in endless woe.

PHIL.

Since death such hazards wait upon,
 I'll unfrequent Love's vain delight,
 And wing my contemplation
 For pre-acquaintance with that height.

DAM.

Come then, let's feed our flocks above
 On Sion's hill ; so will delights
 Grow fresher in the vale of Love ;
 Change thus may whet chaste appetites.



DEATH.

Sunk eyes, cold lips, chaps fall'n, cheeks pale and wan,
 Are only bugbears falsely frightening man :
 This is the vizard, not death's proper face ;
 For who looks through it with the eye of Grace,

Shall find Death deckt in so divine a ray,
 That none would be such a self-foe to stay
 In mortal clouds, did not the wiser hand
 Of Supreme Power join, with his strict command,
 Pangs in our dissolution, which all shun;
 But would wish, if they knew life then begun.
 Man is a creature mixt of heaven and earth;
 Of beast and angel; when he leaves this breath,
 He is all angel: the soul's future eye
 Is by the prospect of eternity
 Determin'd only: who content doth rest
 With present good, no better is than beast.
 The heathens prov'd, since the soul cannot find
 In nature's store to satisfy the mind,
 Her essence supernatural, and shall have
 Her truest object not before the grave.

Could I surmise the immaterial mate
 Of this dull flesh should languish after fate,

Like widowed turtles ; or the glimmering light,
 Bereav'd of her dark lanthorn, should be quite
 Blown out by death ; or dwell on faithless mire,
 Inhospitable fens, like foolish fire
 Wandering through dismal vales of horrid night ;
 Th' approach of death deservedly might fright.
 But Faith's clear eye more certainly surveys
 Than any optic organ ; for the rays,
 That shew her object to us, are divine,
 Reflected by th' omniscient Crystalline.
 They then, who surely know death leadeth right
 To a vast sea of ravishing delight,
 Cannot, when he knocks at their earthen gate,
 Suffer him storm his entrance, but dilate
 Their ready hearts as to a friend, for now
 He bears no sting, no horror in his brow ;
 The crystal-ruby stream, which did pursue
 The spear that sluic't Christ's side, dyed his grim hue

To white and red, Beauty's complexion :
 He comes no more to spoil thy mansion,
 But to afford thee that inheritance,
 Which cannot be conceiv'd without a trance ;
 To be translated to the fellowship
 Of angels, there with an immortal lip
 To drink Nectarean bowls of endless good,
 Where the Creator's face is the soul's food.
 The best condition is but to be
 An elect spouse to that great Deity :
 But death, the bride-maid, leads to the bed,
 Where youth and pleasures are eternised.

When I consider the whole world obeys
 Creation's law ; only untame man strays ;
 I cannot think this is the proper sphere,
 Where all his actions move irregular ;
 Nor shall my wishes ever so exclude
 The decent orderly vicissitude

Of Nature's constant harmony, to pray
For a harsh jarring by unruly stay.

These with the pains and shame of doating age
Will cause the mind betimes to loath her cage.



ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR BROTHER,
MR. H. S.* DROWNED.

THE TOMB.

WHY weeps this marble? Can his frigid power
Thicken the ambient air into a shower?
Ah no; these tears have sure another cause
Than the necessity of Nature's laws;
These tears their spring have from within; there lies
The spoil of Nature, crime of destinies.

* The author's brother-in-law, Henry Sandys, Esq. who married a daughter of Sir William Hammond, of St. Alban's Court, and who was eldest son of Sir Edwin Sandys, of Northbourne, near Deal, the celebrated author of *Europæ Speculum*.

How well this silent sadness doth become
 This awful shade ; the horror of the tomb
 Strikes paleness through my soul ; yet I must on,
 And pay the rights of my devotion.
 Pardon, you guardian angels, who attend
 And keep his bones safe from the Stygian fiend,
 That I disturb your watch with untun'd lays ;
 I come to mourn, and not to sing, his praise.
 A Sun that sat in floods, but, oh sad haste,
 Ere the meridian of his age was past.
 A purer day the East did ne'er disclose,
 Than in his clear affections orient rose.
 Tempestuous passion did in him appear
 But physic, as the lightnings purge the air :
 Martial his temper was, yet overcame
 Others by smiles, himself by force did tame.
 Here lies the best of man ; Nature with thee
 Lost her perfection and integrity.

ON THE SAME.

THE BOAT.

How well the brittle boat doth personate

Man's frail estate !

Whose concave, fill'd with lightsome air, did scorn

The proudest storm.

Man's fleshy boat bears up ; whilst breath doth last,

He fears no blast.

Poor floating bark, whilst on yon mount you stood,

Rain was your food :

Now the same moisture, which once made thee grow,

Doth thee o'erflow.

Rash youth hath too much sail ; his giddy path

No ballast hath ;

He thinks his keel of wit can cut all waves,

And pass those graves ;

Can shoot all cataracts, and safely steer

The fourscore year.

But stoop thine ear, ill-counsell'd youth, and hark,

Look on this bark.

His emblem, whom it carried, both defied

Storms, yet soon died ;

Only this difference, that sunk downward, this

Weigh'd up to bliss.



ON THE SAME.

THE TEMPER.

The elements, that do man's house compose,

Are all his chiefest foes ;

Fire, air, earth, water, all are at debate,

Which shall predominate.

Sometimes the tyrant Fire in fevers raves,

And brings us to our graves ;

Sometimes the air in whirling of our brains,
And windy colics, reigns ;
Now Earth with melancholy man invades,
Making us walking shades ;
Now Water in salt rheums works our decay,
And dropsies quench our day.
But this war equal was in him ; the fight,
Harmony and delight,
Till treacherous Thames, taking the water's part,
Surpriz'd his open heart.



TO MY DEAR SISTER, MRS S.*

THE CHAMBER.

ENTERING your door, I started back ; sure this,
Said I, Death's shady house and household is ;
And yonder shines a beauty, as of old
Magnificent tombs eternal lamps did hold,

* Mrs. Sandys.

In lieu of life's light, a fair taper hid
In a dark lanthorn; an eye shut in's lid;
A flower in shade; a star in night's dark womb;
An alabaster column to a tomb.
But why this night in day? Can thy fair eye
Delight in such an Æthiop's company?
Man hath too many natural clouds; his blood
And flesh so blind his hood-wink'd soul, that good
Is scarce discern'd from bad; why should we then
Seek out an artificial darksome den?
The better part of nature hidden lies;
The stars indeed we may behold, and skies,
But not their influence; we see the fire
But not the heat; why then should we desire
More night, when darkness so o'er nature lies,
That all things mask their better qualities?

TO THE SAME.

THURSDAY.

Now I'm resolv'd the crazy Universe
 Grows old, the Sun himself is nigh his hearse ;
 Seven daughters in one week his youthful rays
 Were wont to get ; but since his strength decays,
 Six are the most : Thursday is lost ; for we
 Who boast ourselves skill'd in th' astronomy
 Of your day-shedding eyes, by that light swear,
 That day is lost in which you not appear ;
 That thy dark fancy might a giant-woe
 Beget, thou mak'st a night Herculean too :
 The late astronomers have found it true,
 We have lost many days ; but 'tis by you
 Our calculation errs ; and we shall rage,
 If you go on to cheat us of our age ;

One day in seven is lost ; and in threescore,
 We are bereaved of nine years, and more :
 So will your grief dilate itself like day,
 And all, as you, become untimely grey.



TO THE SAME.

THE ROSE.

AFTER the honey drops of pearly showers,
 Urania walk'd to gather flowers :
 Sweet Rose, I heard her say, why are these fears ?
 Are these drops on thy cheek thy tears ?
 By those thy beauty fresher is, thy smell
 Arabian spices doth excel.
 This rain, the Rose replied, feeds and betrays
 My odours ; adds and cuts off days :
 Had I not spread my leaves to catch this dew,
 My scent had not invited you.

Urania sigh'd, and softly said, 'tis so,
 Showers blow the Rose, and ripen woe ;
 For mine alas ! when washt in floods sweet clean,
 Heaven put his hand forth, and did glean.



TO THE SAME.

MAN'S LIFE.

MAN's life was once a span ; now one of those
 Atoms of which old Sophies did compose
 The world ; a thing so small, no emptiness
 Nature can find at all by his decease ;
 Nor need she to attenuate the air,
 And spreading it, his vacancy repair ;
 The swellings that in hearts and eyes arise,
 Repay with ample bulk death's robberies.

Why should we then weep for a thing so slight,
 Converting life's short day to a long night ?

For sorrows make one month seem many years :
 Time's multiplying glass is made of tears.
 Our life is but a painted perspective ;
 Grief the false light, that doth the distance give ;
 Nor doth it with delight (as shadowing)
 Set off, but, as a staff fixt in a spring,
 Seem crookt and larger ; then dry up thy tears,
 Since through a double mean nought right appears.



TO THE SAME.

THE EXCUSE.

NOR can your sex's easiness excuse,
 Or countenance your tears to be profuse.
 Some She's there are, whose breath is only sighs ;
 Who weep their own, in others' obsequies :
 But in the reason, like the Sun at noon,
 Dispels usurping clouds of passion ;

Where feminine defects are wanting, there
All feminine excuses wanting are :
Think not, since Virtue then above them rears,
A woman's name can privilege thy tears.

Fortune material things only controuls ;
But doth herself pay homage unto souls :
There hath no power, can do no injury ;
The pavement where the stars their dances form
By their own music, is above all storm :
For meteors but imperfect mixtures are
In the raw bosom of distemper'd air :
Then let thy soul shine in her crystal sphere !
They're Comets, in the troubled air appear.

TO THE SAME.

THE REASONS.

Is it because he died, or that his years
Not many were, that causeth all these tears?
If for the first, you should have always wept,
Even in his life, from first acquaintance, kept
Sorrow awake, for that you know his fate
Prefixed had a necessary date.
How unadvisedly do you lament
Because things mortal are not permanent?

Or is't because he ere his aged snow,
Or autumn came, was ravish'd from the bough?
Ask but the sacred oracle, you there
Shall find, untimely deaths no windfall are.

The grand example, miracle of good,
 (In virtue only old) slain in the bud,
 Newly disclosing man. It were a shame
 To wish, than that of his, a longer flame.
 Who would not die before subdued by age?
 That conquest oft Fortune pursues with rage;
 Or sin in that advantage wounds him worse:
 To wish him long life, then, had been a curse!



TO THE SAME.

THE TEARS.

You modern Wits, who call this world a Star,
 Who say, the other planets too worlds are,
 And that the spots, that in the midstar found,
 Are to the people there islands and ground;
 And that the water, which surrounds the earth,
 Reflects to each, and gives their shining birth;



The brightness of these tears had you but seen
 Fall'n from her eyes, no argument had been,
 To contradict, that water here displays
 To them, as they to us, siderious rays.

Her tears have, than the stars, a better right,
 And a more clear propriety to light.
 For stars receive their borrow'd beams from far;
 These bring their own along with them, and are
 Born in the sphere of light. Others may blind
 Themselves with weeping much, because they spend
 The brightness of their eyes upon their tears;
 But her's are inexhaustible; she spares
 Beams to her tears, as tapers lend their light;
 And should excess of tears rob her of sight,
 Two of these moist sparks might restore 't: our eyes
 An humour watery crystalline comprise:
 Why may not then two crystal drops restore
 That sight a crystal humour gave before?

Love dewes his locks here, wooes each drop to fall
 A pupil in his eye, and sight recall :
 And I hope fortune passing through this rain
 Will, at last, see to recompense her pain.



ON THE DEATH OF MY MUCH HONOURED
 UNCLE, MR. G. SANDYS.*

PARDON, great Soul, if duty grounded on
 Blood and affection's firm devotion,
 Force my weak Muse to sacrilege, and by
 Short payment rob thy sacred memory !
 To be thy wit's executor, though I
 No title have, yet a small legacy
 Fitting my small reception didst thou leave,
 Which from thy learned works I did receive ;
 I should then prove unthankful to deny
 Some spices to embalm that memory,

* George Sandys, the celebrated Poet, whose niece, the daughter of Sir Anthony Aucher, married Sir William Hammond.

Whose soul, and better part, thy lines alone
 Establish in Eternity's bright throne :
 Our humble art the body of thy fame
 Only to Memphian mummy tries to frame ;
 Which, though a swarthy dryness it puts on,
 Is raised yet above corruption.

A tomb of rarest art, magnificent
 As e'er the East did to thy eyes present,
 Erected by great Falkland's learned hands
 To thee alive, in his eloquiums stands.
 Thy body we are only then t' inter,
 And to those matchless epitaphs refer
 The hasty passenger, that cannot stay
 To hear thy larger Muse her worth display.

Unless unto the crowd about the hearse
 (Those busy sons of sense) I shall rehearse
 What worth in thy material part did dwell,
 And at the funeral thy scutcheons spell ;

Declare the extraction of thy noble line,
 What graces from all parts of thee did shine,
 That age thy sense did not at seventy cloud,
 And thee, a youth, all then but death allow'd :
 As for thy soul, if any do inquire,
 'Tis making anthems in the heavenly Quire !



EPITAPH ON SIR R. D.

HERE lies the pattern of good men ;
 Heaven and Earth's lov'd Citizen.
 The World's faint wishes scarce can reach
 The good, he did by action teach :
 So hating 'semblance, that his mind
 Left her deportment still behind,
 That he far better was, than e'er
 Unto the world's eye did appear,

The poor can witness this, who cry
 Aloud their loss, his charity ;
 The lame and feeble now must creep,
 To shew their crutch is laid asleep.
 His household servants, tenants, all
 Weep here their father's funeral :
 The war, that gorg'd on his estate,
 His table never could abate ;
 If ever he unjust was known,
 'Twas in receding from his own ;
 Exchanging what, with trouble, he
 Might save, to keep tranquillity.
 His host of virtues struck such fear
 Into his foes, they did not dare
 To lay on his that penalty,
 They did on others' loyalty ;
 Which bore with him as high a rate,
 As those who bought it with their state.

Prudence and Innocence had made
 A league, no harm should him invade;
 Peaceful amidst the wars his life,
 As in the elemental strife.
 Of bodies that are temper'd well,
 Harmonious souls at quiet dwell;
 When the worst humour had prevail'd
 Upon the State, his vitals fail'd;
 To shew, this feeling member's health
 Was wrapt up in the common-wealth.



GRACE COMPARED TO THE SUN.

GRACE, as the Sun, incessantly its light
 Dilates upon the universal face.
 Pagans, that sit in Antipodian night,
 Taste, by reflex of reason, beams of grace :
 Their sickly planet, queen of night not sleep,
 Her wakeful eye in the Sun's beams may steep.

Grace is the soul's soul ; the informing part

Reason, like Phosper, ushers in the day ;

But the terrene affections of the heart

Repel, which Pharean clouds this sacred ray.

Internal, as external, night alone

Springs from the Earth's interposition.

Goodness is priz'd by her own latitude :

The Persian, wisest of idolaters,

Adores the Sun, as the most common good,

From whose balm Nature's hand nothing inters.

Worse than the Caliph is that votary,

Who worships a less loving deity.

The Sun would raise this Globe to nobler birth,

Transforming into gold each mineral ;

But, in disposure of the stubborn earth,

Renders his virtue ineffectual.

Thus Grace endeavours all to sublimate :

The n blame thyself, if not regenerate !

UPON THE NATIVITY OF OUR SAVIOUR AND
SACRAMENT THEN RECEIVED.

SEE from his watery tropic how the Sun
Approacheth by a double motion !
The same flight, tending to the western seas,
Wheels northward by insensible degrees ;
So this blest day bears to our intellect,
As its bright fire, a duplicate respect :
None but a two-fac'd Janus can be guest,
And fit himself unto this double feast.
That must before jointly the manger see,
And view behind the execrable tree.
Here the blest Virgin's living milk, and there
The fatal streams of the Son's blood appear ;
Crowns at his tender feet in Bethle'm lie ;
Thorns bind his manly brows in Calvary ;

Th' ashamed Sun from this his light withdrew ;
 A new-born Star the other joy'd to shew ;
 To furnish out this feast, lo ! in the pot
 Death here consults the salting antidote :
 But lest the sad allay should interfere,
 And corrupt this day's smile into a tear,
 This very death makes up a fuller mirth,
 Bequeathing to the worthy guest new birth ;
 As to the mystic head, beseemingly,
 So to each member gives nativity :
 The difference only this, the Deity
 Born to our flesh, into his spirit we.

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